



"Jim, the man who first knows when the senators and congressmen and members of the cabinet begin to buy sugar, is the man who can kill four birds with one stone: Win back a part of Judge Sands' stolen fortune; increase his own little pile against the first of January, when, if the little Virginian lady is short a few hundred thousand of the necessary amount, he could, if he found a way to induce her to accept it, supply the deficiency; fatten up a good friend's bank account a million or so, and do a right good turn for the stockholders who are about to be, for the hundredth time, bled out of profit rightfully theirs."

Bob was afe with enthusiasm, the first I had seen him show for three months. Seeing that I had followed him without objection so far, he continued:

"Well, Jim, I know the Washington buying has begun. All I know I have dug out for myself and am free to use it any way I choose. I have gone over the deal with Beulah Sands, and we have decided to plunge. She has a balance of about \$400,000, and I am going to spread it thin. I am going to buy her 30,000 shares and take on 10,000 for myself. If you want in for \$5,000 more, it would give me a wide net to sail in. I know you never speculate, Jim, for the house, but I thought you might in this case go in personally."

"Don't say anything more, Bob," I replied. "This time the rule goes by the board. But I will do better; I'll put up a million and you can go as high as 70,000 for me. That will give you a buying power of 100,000, and I want you to use my last 50,000 shares as a lifter."

I had never speculated in a share of stock since I entered the firm of Randolph & Randolph, and on general, special, and every other principle was opposed to stock gambling, but I saw how Bob had worked it out, and that to make the deal sure it was necessary for him to have a good reserve buying power to fall back on it, after he got started, the "System" masters, whose game he was butting in to and whose plans he might upset should try to shake down the price to drive him out of their preserves. Bob knew how I looked at his proposed deal and ordinarily would not have allowed me to have the short end of it, but so changed had he become in his anxiety to make that money for the Virginians that he grabbed at my acceptance.

"Thank you, Jim," he said, fervently, and he continued: "Of course, I see what's going through your head, but I'll accept the favor, for the deal is bound to be successful. I know your reason for coming in is just to help out, and that you won't feel badly because your last 50,000 shares will be used more as a guarantee for the deal's success than for profit. And Miss Sands could not object to the part you play, as she did at the underwriting, for you will get a big profit anyway."

Next day sugar was lively on the exchange. Bob bought all in sight and handled the buying in a masterly way. When the closing gong struck, Beulah Sands had 20,000 shares, which aver-

aged her 115,715 and I had 30,000 at an average of 125, and the stock had closed 132 bid and in big demand. Miss Sands' 20,000 showed \$240,000 profit, while our 30,000 showed \$210,000 at the closing price. All the houses with Washington wires were wildly scrambling for sugar as soon as it began to jump. And it certainly looked as though the shares were good for the figures set for them by Bob, \$175, at which price the Sands' profits would be \$1,280,000. Bob was beside himself with joy. He dined with Kate and me, and as I watched him my heart almost stopped beating at the thought—"If anything should happen to upset his plans!" His happiness was pathetic to witness. He was like a child. He threw away all the reserve of the past three months and laughed and was grave by turns. After dinner, as we sat in the library over our coffee, he leaned over to my wife and said:

"Katherine Randolph, you and Jim don't know what misery I have been in for three months, and now—will tomorrow never come, so I may get into the whirl and clean up this deal and send that girl back to her father with the money! I wanted her to telegraph the judge that things looked like she would win out and bring back the relief, but she would not hear of it. She is a marvelous woman. She has not turned a hair to-day. I don't think her pulse is up an eighth to night. She has not sent home a word of encouragement since she has been here, more than to tell her father she is doing well with her stories. It seems they both agreed the only way to work the thing out was 'whole hog or none,' and that she was to say nothing until she could herself bring the word 'saved' or 'lost.' I don't know but she is right. She says if she should raise her father's hopes, and then be compelled to dash them, the effect would be fatal."

Bob rushed the talk along, flitting from one point to another, but invariably returning to Beulah Sands and to tomorrow and its saving profits. Finally, he got to a pitch where it seemed as though he must take off the lid, and before Kate or I realized what was coming he placed himself in front of me and said:

"Jim, Kate, I cannot go into tomorrow without telling you something that neither of you suspect. I must tell some one, now that everything is coming out right and that Beulah is to be saved; and whom can I tell but you, who have been everything to me?—I love Beulah Sands, surely, deeply, with every bit of me. I worship her. I tell you, and to-morrow, to-morrow if this deal comes out as it must come, and I can put \$1,500,000 into her hands and send her home to her father, then, then, I will tell her I love her, and Jim, Kate, if she'll marry me, good-by, good-by to this hell of dollar-hunting, good-by to such misery as I have been in for three months, and home, a Virginia home, for Beulah and me." He sank into a chair and tears rolled down his cheeks. Poor, poor Bob, strong as a lion in adversity, hysterical as a woman with victory in sight.

The next day sugar opened with a

Don't Neglect It

It is a serious mistake to neglect a weak heart. It is such a short step to chronic heart disease. When you notice irregularity of action, occasional short breath, palpitation, fluttering, pain in chest or difficulty in lying on left side, your heart needs help—a strengthening tonic. There is no better remedy than Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. Its strengthening influence is felt almost at once.

"I have used 10 bottles of Dr. Miles' Heart Cure and can truthfully say it has done me more good than anything I have ever used, and I have tried nearly everything that I know of. The doctor who attended me asked me what I was taking and I told him Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, he said it was not going to do me any good, but it did. I have not taken any for a year now, and while there is occasionally a slight symptom of the old trouble, it is not enough for me to continue the use of it. I should get worse. I would know what to do. Take Dr. Miles' Heart Cure as I did before, I consider myself practically cured of my heart trouble."

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. If it fails he will refund your money.

Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

wild rush: "25,000 shares from 140 to 152." That is the way it came on the tape, which meant that the crowd around the sugar-pole was a mob and that the transactions were so heavy, quick and tangled that no one could tell to a certainty just what the first or opening price was; but after the first lull, after the gong, there were officially reported transactions aggregating 25,000 shares and at prices varying from 140 to 152. I was over on the floor to see the scramble, for it was noised about long before ten o'clock that sugar would open wild, and then, too, I wanted to be handy if Bob should need any quick advice.

A minute before the gong struck, there were 300 men jammed around the sugar-pole; men with set, determined faces; men with their coats buttoned tight and shoulders thrown back for the rush to which, by comparison, that of a football team is child's play. Every man in that crowd was a picked man, picked for what was coming. Each felt that upon his individual powers to keep a clear head, to shout loudest, to forget nothing, to keep his feet, and to stay as near the center of the crowd as possible, depended his "floor honor," perhaps his fortune, or, what was more to him, his client's fortune. Nearly every man of them was a college graduate who had won his spurs at athletics or a seasoned floor man whose training had been even more severe than that of the college campus. When it was known before the opening of the exchange that there are to be "things doing" in a certain stock, it is the rule to send only the picked floor men into the crowd. There may be a fortune to make or to lose in a minute or a silver of a minute. For instance, the man who that morning was able to snatch the first 5,000 shares sold at 140 could have resold them a few minutes afterward at 152 and secured \$60,000 profit. And the man who was sent into the crowd by his client to sell 5,000 shares at the "opening" and who got but 140, when the price would be 152 by the time he reported to his customer, was a man to be pitied. Again, the trader who the night before had decided that sugar had gone up too fast, and who had "shorted" (that is, sold what he did not have, with the intention of repurchasing at a lower price than he sold it for) 5,000 shares at 140 and who, finding himself in that surging mob with sugar selling at 152, could only get out by taking a loss of \$60,000, or by taking another chance of later paying 152—such a trader was also to be pitied.

No one who scanned the crowd that morning would have believed that the calm, set face on that erect Indian figure, occupying the very center of that horde of gamblers who were only waiting the ringing clang of the gong to hurl themselves like madmen at each other, was the hysterical man who the night before was wildly praying for this moment. Nearly every man in that crowd was calm, but Bob Brownley was the calmest of them all. It is the exchange code that at any cost of heart or nerve a man must retain good form until the gong strikes. Then, that he must be as near the ungodly tiger as human mind and body can be made. Only I realized what volcano raged inside my chum's bosom. If any other man of the crowd had known Bob's chances of success would have been on par with a Canadian canoeist short-cutting Niagara for Buffalo. Nine-tenths of the stock exchange game is not letting your left brain jobs know what your right is in until the winning numbers and the also-rans are on the board. If one of those 300 chain-lightning thinkers or any of their 10,000 alert associates knew in advance the intentions of a fellow broker, the word would sweep through that crowd with the swiftness of uncoiled ether, and the other 299, at gong strike, would be at each other's throats for their vitals, and before he knew the game had started would have his bones picked to a value-

Sliah Cleaness.

Suddenly, as I watched the scene, there rang through the great hall the first sharp stroke of the gong. There were no echoes heard that morning. The metallic voice was yet shaping its command to "at 'em, you fiends" when from 300 throats burst the wild sound of the stock exchange yell. No other sound in any of the open or hidden places of all nature duplicates the yell of a great stock exchange at an exciting opening. It not only fills and refills space, for the volume is terrific, but it has an individuality all its own, coming from the inclusive "take-mine-I've-got yours," from the aggressive, almost arrogant "you-can't-you-won't-have-your-way," the confident "by-heaven-I-will" individual notes that enter into the whole, as they blend with the shrill scream of triumph and the die-away note of disappointment, when the floor men realize their success or their failure. I picked Bob's magnificently resonant voice from the mass—"40 for any part of 10,000 Sugar." It was this daring bid that struck terror to the bears and filled the bulls with a frenzy of encouragement. Again it rang out—"45 for any part of 25,000;" and a third time—"50 for any part of 50,000."

The great crowd was surging all over the room. Hats were smashed and coats were being stripped from their owners' backs as though made of paper, and now and then a particularly frantic buyer or seller would be borne to the floor by the impetus of those who sought to fill his bid or grab his offer. Through all the wild whirl, straight and erect and commanding was the form of Bob, his face cold and expressionless as an iceberg. In five minutes the human mass had worked back to the sugar pole and there was the inevitable lull while its members "verified."

I could see by the few entries Bob was making on his pad that he had been compelled to buy but little. This meant that his campaign was working smoothly, that he was driving the market up by merely bidding, and that he had the greater part of my 50,000 yet unbought, which in turn meant he could continue to push up the price, or in the event of his opponents' attempting to run it down, he would be under the market with big supporting orders.

Suddenly the lull was broken. Bob's voice rang out again—"153 for any part of 10,000 Sugar." Again the gamblers closed in and for another five minutes the opening scene was duplicated, with only a shade less fierceness. After ten minutes' mad trading a mighty burst of sound told that Sugar was 160 bid. Then Bob worked his way out of the crowd, and passing by me fairly hissed, "By heaven, Jim, I've got them clinched!"

(To be continued.)

Portland Cement, Louisville Cement and all kinds plastering material for sale by
La Crosse Lumber Co.

In the Stud—Season of 1907
Elm Grove Stock Farm
2 1/2 miles west of Marshall, Mo.
C. C. RUFF, Prop.
BIG BUMPER

The fine Belgian Stallion, BIG BUMPER, known as the Keelhart horse, will make the season of 1907 at my farm 2 1/2 miles west of Marshall on the Shackleford road, at \$10.00 to insure living colt or \$8.00 by the season. BIG BUMPER weighs 1900 pounds and will be 6 years old in the spring of 1907. He is a dark dapple bay in color, and has great action, the best of feet and legs and fine eyes, and as an individual he will speak for himself. As a breeder, I will say there is no better of his kind. It is a common thing for his colts at weaning to sell at \$85.00 and \$100.00. For pedigree and register number see bills of both horse and jack.

JOHN L.

I also have a fine 16-hand black jack, JOHN L., that will make the season on the same terms. This jack is a 4 year old in the fall of 1907, and one proven himself a high class breeder.

C. C. RUFF

In the Stud—Season of 1907
MOLTON TOM 3887.

Having purchased the fine English shire stallion of Mr. C. C. Ruff, of Marshall, Mo., I desire to state that MOLTON TOM will make the season of 1907 at my farm 2 1/2 miles northeast of Marshall on the Slater road, at \$10.00 to insure living colt and \$8.00 by the season.

MOLTON TOM is a dark chestnut shire stallion and has made a number of seasons and a pair of his get lately sold for \$500.00, which shows his breeding qualities. He is one of the best breeders, heavy of bone, and a toppy draft horse. Can refer anyone to his former owner, Mr. C. C. Ruff, as to his qualities as an individual and breeder. He states there are more good high class colts to his credit in the neighborhood where he stood for the past three years than any one draft horse that ever made a season west of Marshall. See bills for pedigree and number.

SURPRISE

Also have a fine black Jack that will make the season at \$8.00 to insure living colt or \$6.00 by the season. This Jack is known throughout the country by his colts, being second to none.

STEVE KEEHART

OSTEOPATHY

Is a scientific method of treating all classes of diseases, by correcting any and all deviations in the body make-up, that each and every part of the body may do its work and have a normal blood and nerve supply.

Drs. Nuckles & Nuckles,

New Location:

MARSHALL BUILDING, North Side Square.

County News

From Our Exchanges

The Green Bug

From all reports being brought in the green bug is still in the wheat. E. E. Robinson informs us that he was in the country last Sunday and found great numbers of them in the wheat fields. R. L. Webb, the real estate man, was in the country the first of the week and brought in specimens of the bug. The opinion seems general, however, that they will not hurt the crop this year, especially if the weather turns out warm and favorable in the near future. In fact the green bug seems to be more of a humbug than anything else.—The Standard Herald

J. B. Finley had one of his legs broken by a kick by a mule one day last week. We understand that the injured member is doing all right.—We are in receipt of a letter from A. A. Abbott, in which he states that with his father and mother, he will move back to Houstonia in the near future. Mr. Abbott states that he is doing nicely in Fredonia, but his father and mother desire to return to Houstonia, hence their decision.—The Houstonian.

Improper action of the kidneys causes backache, lumbago, rheumatism. "Pineules" is a kidney remedy that will relieve these diseases. Pleasant to take and guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. "Relief in every dose." Sold by P. H. Franklin.

Local Freight Wreck

Wednesday afternoon as the south bound local freight was running into Emma at the speed of 25 miles an hour the front axle on the second car from the engine broke, and by the time the train stopped five cars went into the ditch and 100 yards of the track was torn up. The ties were broken into splinters and the rails were broken and twisted. Three cars of coal, one of lumber, and one with three jennets and a colt, are in the wreck. The door of the car containing the jennets was broken off and they all escaped from the car without a scratch.

Several passengers were on the caboose but none were hurt.

The regular passenger trains were run Wednesday afternoon and night and Thursday—making the transfer of passengers, baggage and mail at the wreck. Today Friday the necessary repairs to the track have been made and all trains are running regularly.—Sweet Springs Herald.

Hurried meals, lack of exercise are the main causes of dyspepsia. A Kings Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal aids digestion, improves the appetite. Sold by P. H. Franklin.

Mrs. Frank Clyde has returned from Kansas City where she has been for treatment for several weeks. She is improving and hopes to soon be in her usual good health.—The colored school gave a good program Monday night, but owing to the stormy weather not so many were in attendance as otherwise would have been.

—Mr. and Mrs. Guy Guthrey entertained the Endeavor of the Christian church at their home, Tuesday evening. A large number of the members were present and several invited friends. Games of all sorts made the evening pass quickly. At a late hour refreshments were served a good time was had by every one present.—Malta Bend Qui Vive.

Spring Winds cheap, tan and cause freckles to appear. Pinesave Carbollized applied at night will relieve that burning sensation. Nature's own remedy. Acts like a poultice and draws out inflammation. Sold by P. H. Franklin.

Robbers

Our town seems to have a gang of robbers in it, and the worst of it, from their manner of procedure, is that it is being done by residents of the town. Last Saturday a week ago they broke into the Blackburn Produce Company's building and took a case of soda pop. And the same night entered the Blackburn Phar-

macy and carried off about two dollars in pennies and some silver money elgars, etc. On the following Wednesday night they tried to enter Pelet's butcher shop and Weiler's jewelry shop. They also entered Weiler's residence and stole a pocketbook containing 25 cents. And also visited the residence of Fred Rubelman but woke Mrs. Rubelman when the party came up on the porch.—Blackburn Record.

Everyone knows that Spring is the season of the year when the system needs cleansing. Rings Little Liver Pills are highly recommended. Try them. Sold by P. H. Franklin.

The Last Laugh

Some time ago Chas. Peoples paid Sheriff Magee a fine of \$200 with a check, then he beat the check to the bank and drew his money and left for Kansas. The sheriff was in trouble, but Thursday afternoon Peoples arrived in the town of DeWitt in Carroll county and was soon under arrest the next place he landed was in the county jail and there he was glad to fix up the fine. There is another charge against him and he may have some trouble in convincing the court that he has acted just right every time. The joke on the sheriff was that Peoples sent him word that he was sorry to see him lose the money but he guessed that he would have to do so. The laugh is on the other side now and the result will be seen later.—Carrollton Democrat.

Coughs and colds contracted at this season of the year should have immediate attention. Dees Laxative Cough Syrup, contains Honey and Tar and is unequalled for hoarseness, croup and coughs. Pleasant to take; mothers endorse it; children like to take it. Contains no opiates. Moves the bowels. Sold by P. H. Franklin.

J. L. Wilson is suffering from heart trouble at the home of his daughter, Mrs. J. D. Mullins, 2323 Terrace, Kansas City, and little hopes of his recovery are entertained. He has been very low for several days.—Sam Small and Will Robinson, colored were before Mayor Dunlap Saturday on charges of disturbing the peace. It is said that one pleaded the "unwritten law" and the other "brainstorm." They were found guilty and fined \$1 and costs.—Mrs. A. W. Hutton was called to Slater Friday week on account of her daughter, Mrs. L. H. Howard, being very sick.—The steamer Omaha passed up the river Sunday morning. She was formerly the Lora. She is on her way to Omaha to enter the excursion business between there and St. Joseph and Kansas City.—Miami News.

Kettler-Bader.

Henry Kettler, of Slater, and Miss Anne Bader, of Pilot Grove, were married at the Catholic church, in West Glasgow, last Wednesday morning at 9 o'clock, by Father Kegelbauer. Immediately after the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served to a number of friends and relatives at the home of the groom's parents.

The bride, who is well-known in Slater, wore a dainty costume of white silk. The groom, who is a fireman on the C. & A., is an industrious young man, and is in every way worthy of his life companion.

The young couple left Thursday for Kansas City, where they are the guests of the bride's sister, after which they will be at home to their friends at Slater.—Slater Hustler.

For the information of some of our shy readers, we will say that Mr. App who gets Taylor Guerrant's handsome resident, is a bachelor and from Ohio. We expect the first thing he does after reaching Gilliam will be to find a housekeeper. He is a mild talking man, and we rather think he would make a kind and liberal boss.—Taylor Guerrant traded his residence property here last week for a 200 acre Henry county farm, valued at \$10,000 and he put his in at \$5,000.

Taylor made a big deal, as he got a farm worth the money. It is also Gilliam property that commands a price. Mr. Guerrant takes possession of the farm as soon as the deeds pass, but will remain in his home here until September.—Gilliam Globe.



"I Have Gone Over the Deal with Beulah Sands, and We Are Going to Plunge."